

67
LET THERE BE PEACE

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ME LESS
O see
e BEFORE
S IN the GAME
NT TO
EPENDING

EWs
TO OUR VIEWS
A GER VISION

CAN DO IT ALONE
AND WE CAN
- WORK IT OUT

A WORLDWIDE
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ORK IT OUT
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ART

EACH COMMUNITY

'S VISION
E IN A DIALOGIC
ONLY SYSTEM
OR the WHOLE

RISE REVE
OTHER AND HEADLINES



LET US PRAISE FOOD THE NEED FOR IT NEVER
ARGUED AWAY... HUNGER PLUNGING US BACK
INTO THINGS. LET US PRAISE FOOD THAT IS
COLORED, TEXTURED, SHAPED, CUT, STIRRED, MOULDED, MIXED,
BROKEN, EATEN. LET US PRAISE THE
INFINITELY VARIED WHICH BECOMES US
PRAISE FOR FOOD THAT IS SHARED WHEN HANDS REACH OUT
TO GIVING HANDS. LIFE EXCHANGED. LIFE HANDED AROUND.
PRAISE FOR FOOD THAT IS MORE THAN A SIGN... HAVING
ONCE BEEN TAKEN, BLESSED, SHARED... IS ALWAYS THIS HIS
BODY, THIS HIS BLOOD.
HE COMES TO US IN THE SHARING, IN THE COMMON
SIMPLE GLAD BEING TOGETHER IN JOY.

Peace is
liberty in
tranquility

cikero



WE LIVE IN AN ERA MARKED BY DECREASING FORMALIZATION
AND INCREASING CANDOR, MORE AND MORE THINGS ARE
BEING CALLED BY THEIR NAMES. WE SEE THE WORLD,
WITH ITS MIXTURE OF BEAUTY AND SADNESS, AS THE
ONLY ONE WE KNOW AND THE ONLY PLACE WE MAY LIVE AND WORK.

PROLOGUE - 1967 DECREES
SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE HEART



EVIL MAY BE
NOT SEEING W
SO PERHAPS TO
EVIL WE NEED
MORE

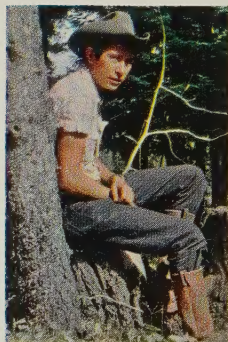
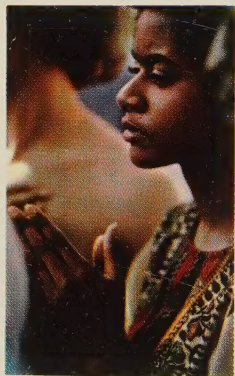
SEE WHAT WE DO
AND HERE EVERY
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NO SINGLE G
THE JOB IS TO
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WE NEED EACH
GIVING ITS
AND THIS WILL
SYSTEM WHICH
ELASTIC ENO
MOVING PICT

On EARTH

And let it BEGIN with



Let there be peace on earth,
And let it begin with me;
Let there be peace on earth,
The peace that was meant to be.
With God as our Father,
Brothers all are we.
Let me walk with my brother
In perfect harmony.
Let peace begin with me,
Let this be the moment now.
With every step I take,
Let this be my solemn vow:
To take each moment and
live each moment in peace eternally.
Let there be peace on earth
and let it begin with me.

—Miller, & Jackson © 1956, 1967 Jan-Lee Music



WHAT IS PEACE?



CITY ANONYMOUS? NEVER!
CHILD INCONTRAVERTABLE FAITH
THINGS POSSESS PERIPHERAL VISION
IN CIRCLES LOOK AT ALL THOSE
ALS! WEEDINGS! JUST A BUILDING
OR CONSTRUCTION WITH ALL THOSE
RES MOVING SIMULTANEOUSLY
CONCENTRATE ON MOTHER EARTH!
LIVE THE BEAUTY ON THIS GIGANTIC
SHIP ROTATING AROUND THE SUN
ARE ALL WALKING PAPERS CHANT
AND POEMS SLIDE DOWN BANISTERS
IN AROUND TELEPHONE POLES ROLL
OWN A GRASSY HILL TAKE OFF THOSE
HOES GET YOUR FEET WET FORGET
UMBRELLAS WHEN IT RAINS RIDE BUSES
AND LEARN ABOUT UNIQUENESS AND
WHAT IT MEANS TO BE AN INDIVIDUAL
MAKE COSTUMES AND WEAR THEM
ALL DAY LONG HOP A TRAIN TAKE A
FEW PICTURES WATCH THOSE AIR
PLANES FLY LOOK AT BILLBOARDS
AND ADVERTISEMENTS AND FILMS
WOW! ART IS ALL AROUND YOU!
FORGET DESTINATIONS AND FOCUS
ON THE NOW, DON'T POINT TO GOD
HE'S IN YOUR FINGERTIPS SO LET'S SHAKE
HANDS AND LET ALL OUR WEAPONS GO

• "Peace is when you're with someone who respects you—no matter what!" answered one young man.

• "To me, peace is sitting in my room listening to records like 'Bridge Over Troubled Waters' by Simon and Garfunkel," confided a young miss.

• "Peace just isn't" observed a black student. "As long as there's napalm, racism, starvation, poverty, pollution, and all that, you won't have peace."

• "When Kennedy was President, I felt more sure of peace than now," recalled a 21-year-old. "Somehow I felt he cared about us. Foreigners sensed his concern, too. Ever since, I haven't trusted those people in Washington."

• "Right in the middle of thousands of demonstrators, I found what peace was," smiled one girl. ▶

Youth

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PEACE IS RESPECT

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and

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• "The only place I feel at peace is walking in a cemetery," a lad said thoughtfully. "I've done a lot of serious thinking there."

• "Peace is having fun! Being yourself!" blurted another youth.

• "Once on a camping trip last summer," a 16-year-old girl reminisced, "My family and I drove up this winding dirt road to a high mountain pass where we could see peaks and valleys for miles around. Maybe it was the clean, natural beauty. Maybe it was being alone up there. Maybe it was because I was one of the few times I felt near God. But I knew peace. I didn't want to leave."

Peace is more than the absence of war.

Peace is personal. Each man seeks to know who he is, to find his roots, to firm up his own values. Some call it self-identity, or self-confidence, or being one with the cosmos, or being in a right relationship.

ALOM

HUMANITY IN EVERY OTHER HUMAN BEING

relationship with his Creator. But each must find for himself his own "inner peace"—with a little help from his friends.

Peace is the process by which we—as people and as nations—strive to structure our relationships in order to get along with each other to the mutual respect of all concerned.

Peace is establishing a social, political, economic and legal system that affirms the fullness and wholeness of the humanity in each of its members—insuring adequate food, housing, health, education, justice, privacy, and freedom to all—whether enemy or friend, dissenter or supporter, powerful or weak. No man who believes in his own human dignity can be silent when the dignity of any other human being is abused.

Peace is the natural order—and beauty—of the interdependence of man and nature. We human beings are an extension of—and depend-

ent on—an environment and other living organisms surrounding us which were never of our own making. To see the interconnections between all living forms is to recognize the very life of man. When we talk of "ecology" and "environment," we are talking of life itself.

Peace is a sense of community, whether in the family, in the school, among friends, in the neighborhood, in the church, in the nation, in the world, or in the environment. We cannot seal ourselves off as individuals, or as nations, or as species. We depend upon each other.

Peace is loving and being loved. Caring deeply for one another is as necessary as food, air, and water. And this should not be done in desperation, nor as a duty, but out of joy, for peace is the celebration of who we are!

Finally, peace is not something we wait for; it is something we do! Peace is not a dream; it is action now!

At one time during my life I was thought of, and thought of myself, as a conservative. I saw all national and world-wide problems out of the context of the United States and preserving our power in the international scheme of things. Communism was seen as the monolithic menace bent on destroying motherhood and apple pie in a single stroke of the hammer and sickle. Opposition to U.S. participation in the war in Vietnam was seen by me as something subversive. I saw all solutions to problems out of a military context. Life was reduced to a simple conflict of black and white, right and wrong, communist and free.



BRIAN WALLWORK / **the w**

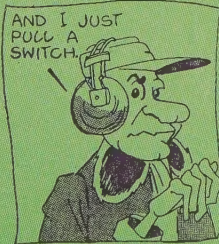
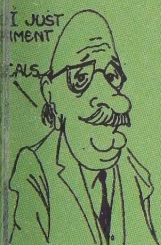


I hail from a small mill town nestled in the foothills of Massachusetts. There people are basically friendly. The problems of race are far away, for it is an all-white community. The most powerful organization in the community is the American Legion. Athol, Mass., has sent men off to every war since the Indian wars, and they intend to continue doing so. The idea of questioning national policy is abhorrent. The educational system ranks low, with an administration that I feel is basically insensitive to the student. The Church, while being more opened minded as compared to much of the community, is still chained to provincial

ways. These factors resulted in my being a conservative.

What then is a conservative? I realize that at the outset questions of semantics will surely arise and that my definition cannot apply to all who label themselves conservatives. I think that a conservative sees things out of a very limited perspective. He is overly concerned about maintaining things as they are because under this condition he doesn't stand to lose anything. The conservative desires to see to it that no structure is going to rise to threaten him. He sees communism as an all-pervading evil that must be stopped at any costs. Too often he sees communism where legiti-

changed my viewpoint . . .



"A conservative is overly concerned about maintaining things as they are because under this condition he does not stand to lose anything!"

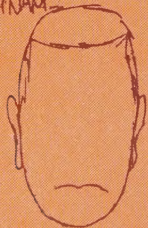
mate change in institutions is taking place. Furthermore, he fails to recognize that democracy of an American nature is not necessarily good for all men. Most importantly, he does not see that the United States has served in basically an imperialistic nature. If not by direct military force, as in Vietnam or the Dominican Republic,

then by economic means, in almost every area of the world. The tentacles of U.S. capitalism reach out into all areas of the world sucking the very life from its inhabitants. For the conservative, is "My country right or wrong" "Love it or leave it."

My change from conservative where I am now can basically be traced to the Church. I had been brought up to Love my neighbor and I truly believed in this doctrine. It was just a matter of coming to the realization that it was impossible to Love my neighbor and clobber him over the head every time it suited my interests.

FEIFFER

IT WAS WRONG FOR
US TO GET INTO
VIETNAM.



BUT WE'D LOSE FACE
IF WE GOT OUT.



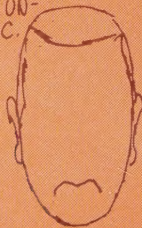
I'M FOR SAVING
AMERICAN LIVES.



BUT TALKING
IT ONLY HELPS
HANOI.



BUT DEMONSTRATING
AGAINST THE GOVERN-
MENT IS UN-
PATRIOTIC.



I SUPPORT THE
PRESIDENT.



BUT I WISH HE'D
CHANGE HIS POL-
ICIES.



I AM THE
OF MODERN



I began to attend Church conferences where I wrestled with my attitudes. I extended my reading to include books like *The Arrogance of Power* by Senator J. William Fulbright and journals like the *New Republic*. I talked to people who were considered "liberals." I participated in bull sessions that lasted into the wee hours. I struggled long and hard, weighing all arguments. The conclusions I reached came to one end: that it is impossible to be a Christian—to "Love your neighbor"—and at the same time to be the kind of a conservative I was and I've described. The war in Vietnam served as a

catalyst in my change. I heard Vice President Ky say that Vietnam needed five Hitlers. I watched on my television screen as a South Vietnamese general killed a Viet Cong soldier who had his hands tied behind his back. I listened to a United States military official announce that a village had to be destroyed in order to save it. I learned that it costs about five hundred thousand dollars to kill one Viet Cong soldier. Political opponents of the Vietnamese government were sentenced to five years in jail. All of this sped up my change.

I consider myself a pacifist. Some say that if I will not take up

NO SYMPATHY WITH THE
ELEMENTS OF THE PRO-
TESTERS.



STOP ME BEFORE
I KILL MORE.



Peiffer, © 1969 Publishers-Hall Syndicate

1-25



Mauldin, © 1969 Chicago Sun-Times and Bill Mauldin
Reprinted by courtesy of WJL-Jo Assoc. Inc.

"To you, it's a war, to me
it's a living."

arms for my country, I should leave. A person can still love his country without being willing to murder for it. Why not begin to live for that country? To love one's country means that when it is right, keep it right, when it is wrong, make it right.

The aura of conservatism and reaction is sweeping our nation. Unabashed racists are being nominated for elective office. Too often they are being elected. Like a broken record, the words "law and order" resound from platform after platform. These latter-day demagogues don't desire justice. They see the black man as a permanent

To love one's country means that when it's right, keep it right, and when it's wrong, make it right.

fixture on the bottom of the social and economic ladder. Disturbances are caused by "outside agitators." What they fail to realize is that rats, slum landlords, and police brutality are not from the outside but are a real part of the environment that breed unrest from within. They see change as a threat to them. For this, and for political gain, they engage in games of death.

Oliphant, © 1970 Denver Post, Reprinted with permission of Los Angeles Times Syndicate



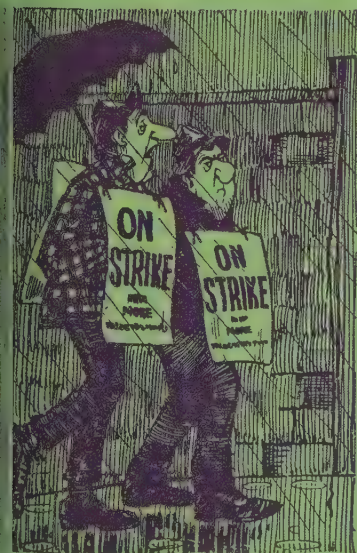
"G'wan, someone has to go and you're it!"

As a nation, the United States is polarizing itself. It has become both divisive and dividing. The clubbing of blacks and fellow youth is applauded. Dr. Spock risks jail while others of his generation manufacture napalm. Life styles find it impossible to coexist. As a result, both may be destroyed. Somehow, we must find a way for Woodstock and Wall Street to get along.

The Church has failed to be the moving institution it is called to be. All too often the Church pays lip service to the needs of society. Resolutions are fine, but they have no protein. The Church talks quite

a bit. It agonizes quite a bit. Sadly, it acts too little. The Church has failed to be sensitive to the crisis facing our nation. It has failed to be the risk-taking institution it was intended to be.

Some hard decisions are required of those of us still in the Church. Stored away somewhere between the ladies guilds and the organ fund there is untapped potential. This must be tapped if the Church hopes to continue. The Communion must become more than a ritual of bread and grape juice downed in a single gulp. The Communion must be the symbolic uniting of ourselves to the words of Jesus. To



Norris, Vancouver Sun, Canada (Ben Roth Agency)



"What's all this talk about hunger?
I don't see any hunger, do you?"

"I thought Nixon's stand of not letting street demonstrators dictate government policy made sense . . ."

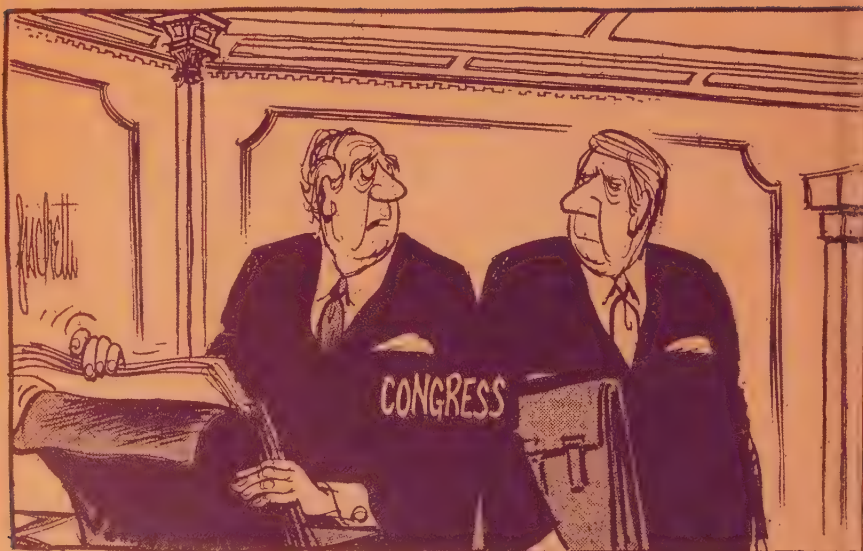
make this commitment is painful. It requires a willingness to see waves made and boats rocked.

At the Seventh General Synod of the United Church of Christ this past summer, youth for the first time were heard as a viable force. Many ears were disturbed by what they heard. They heard us commit ourselves to support of our brothers in jail for resisting military authority. They heard us demand a greater share of power within the structures of the Church. They saw us "occupy" the stage of the Synod at one time to force a decision on a restraining against James Forman signed by one of the major boards

of the Church. One top national laywoman was heard to complain about our assertion of power. What would have been her complaint if we hadn't cared enough to come at all?

How then, are we youth going to function in this new and exciting transformation in the Church? We must make a commitment to decisions relating to the Church and our lives. We must take an active role in the functions of our local churches. We must participate in all the varied activities of the Church, constantly prodding for true commitment to change. Through our youth groups, we must

Fischetti, © 1969 Chicago Daily News



"Pollution, poverty, war, racism—Is there no end of problems to avoid?"

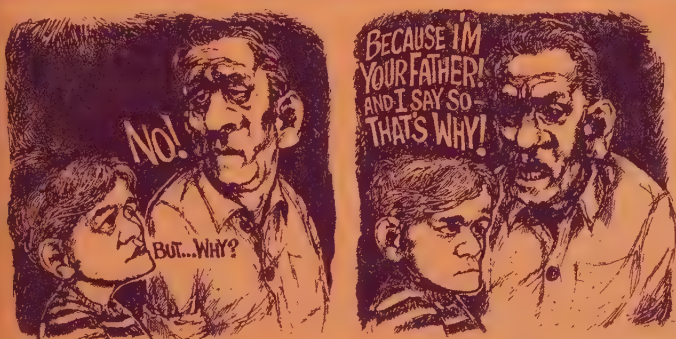
"If the church does not take the risk to help fellow humans who are treated unjustly, the youth must start calling the signals."

struggle with our own racism and with the questions of war that face us all. We must be prepared to take risks when we see fellow humans being treated unjustly. Action must replace words. We can't talk off Biblical drivel and Christian piety until hell freezes over. Nothing will change and

consciences will be assuaged. This is simply not enough for 20th century Christians.

Too often as youth we wait for another person to call the signals. When those signals are not called, we are perfectly satisfied. Nothing is risked. We must realize that the signals have to be called by us, if the Church is not going to be moved by its own Christian conscience. There is no room for Monday morning quarterbacking. As youth we are the Church of the future and the only hands God has are our own.

Yours in peace,
Brian Wallwork



30 YEARS LATER

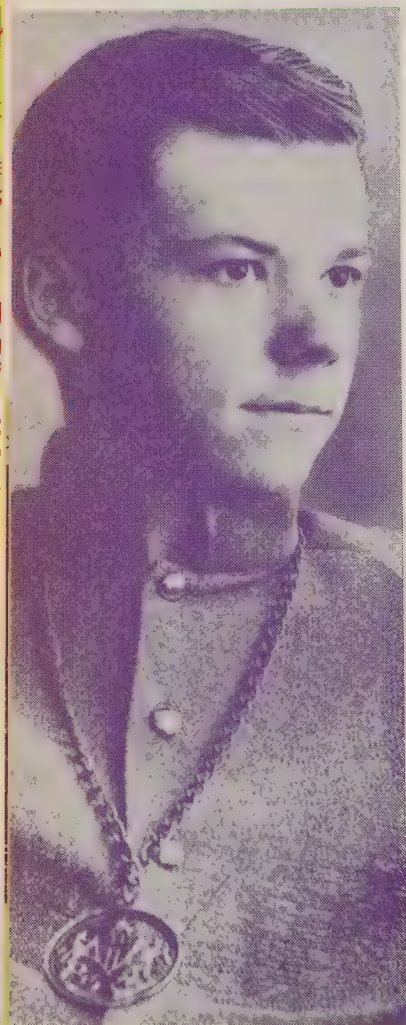
"— IN CONGRESS THIS MORNING, THE PRESIDENT ASKED FOR FORMAL DECLARATIONS OF WAR AGAINST BRAZIL, PERU, AND CHILI — AS AMERICA'S LATIN AMERICAN WAR MOVES INTO ITS 2ND YEAR."



BOBB

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A YOUNG POET GETS A 'STRAIGHT



One day Mark Cummings, 16, wrote a poem about the war and left it on the top of the TV set in his family's home. Bryan's Road, Md., a small suburban community downriver from Washington, D.C. His father, John, found the poem as

THE SON:

Give your son to Uncle Sam
To have him turned into a man.
He'll be a man so big and strong,
But he won't be with us very long.

Uncle Sam wants a war,
Then your son is yours no more.
You should be proud to know he died,
While fighting for his country pride.

Sam says it is a dreadful shame,
That now your son is just a name,
But take a look at Army files,
And see a list that stretches miles.

He was a brave man says the letter,
And as a soldier there was no better,
But nothing said about tomorrow,
And how many mothers share your sorrow.

Eighteen years you raised your son,
Then Uncle Sam gave him a gun.
Then came the bullet that bore his name,
Your life will never be the same.

To all the people he left behind,
He's just a memory in their mind.
But we know that he is well,
Cause he's escaped this living hell.

—MARK BENNETT CUMMINGS

ANSWER . . . FROM HIS FATHER

reacted by writing a poem in reply. Both poems appeared later in the Washington Daily News. With permission we reprint them here as an example of a father and son in conflict, but still in communication.

THE FATHER:

Burn your draft card, curl your hair,
Tell them you're not going anywhere,
Fight the system, curse the day
The draft board sent a card your way.

Carry signs, oppose the war,
Let the whole world know you're sore,
Pop some H, inhale some weed,
Pay the establishment no heed.

Play the guitar, dress up in rags,
Admire girls that look like hags,
Be anti-social, scream "unfair,"
Put some flowers in your hair.

Denounce your country, defile your flag,
Let your patriotism sag,
Scream and holler, rant and rave,
And be a communistic slave.

To you, my son, all I can say,
I hope you're happy in your way.
I fought and served my country well
To save for you your "living hell."

—JOHN NELSON CUMMINGS





Claypool, Ind.
November 17, 1969

Dear Sharon,

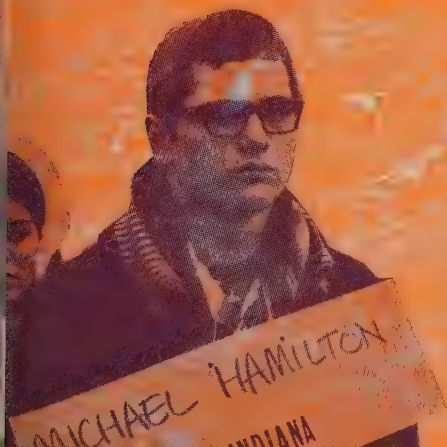
As you know, I just returned from a beautiful weekend in Washington, D.C. I want to tell you all about it.

Our two buses left Manchester College at 4:30 Thursday afternoon and our bus (the buses took different routes) arrived at the Arlington (Va.) Church of the Brethren at 5:30 Friday morning. From there we went to the March Against Death headquarters near Arlington Cemetery. There we received information about what was involved, free food for the hungry, our candles, and the names of war dead each of us was to carry. I actually started marching at 7 a.m. and little did I know what the 2½-hour walk would reveal.

One of the most impressive scenes was the scene from the Arlington Bridge. On the D.C. side of the bridge was the Lincoln Memorial with its stately white marble columns, to my right were the many motorists (some staring, some ignoring, some shouting, some giving the peace sign), and on my left was the broad Potomac with gulls occasionally dipping into the water.

The route was lined by Mobe Marshalls (they were really great) and many curious people. Most of the people would just watch but some would ask questions about my whereabouts, etc. A very few let me know that they didn't approve

a march
f death . . . I
MARCHED
OR LIEE



Photos by Gale Whitneck (left)
and John Goodwin (top)



Photo by John Goodwin

of what I was doing and I only wish I could have talked with them about it.

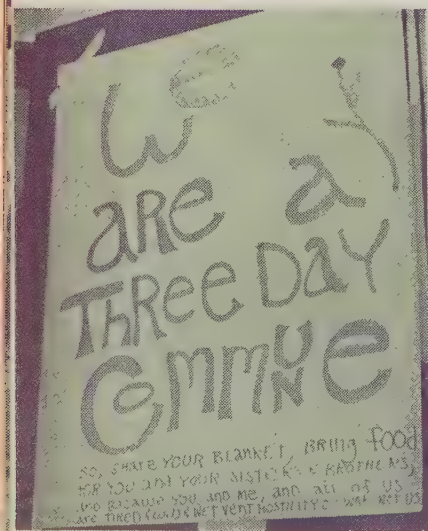
Another part of the March that stands out in my mind was passing by the White House. This was where we were to shout the names of the war dead we were carrying. The Mobe Marshall stationed there told us that Mr. Nixon was in the White House and we should shout the name so that he could hear us. It was really impressive! Everything was quiet except for the angry cry of a man's name.

Each individual ended his participation in the March by placing the name he carried in a casket. The symbolism involved was effective, I felt like I was burying Roger myself. (Roger was the name carried.)

The March route ended at the Ellipse east of the Capitol. After the long walk a group of us sat down and opened our sack lunches prepared by members of the Arlington Church. It was really good to rest and eat and watch many other persons place names in the caskets.

My sister and I spent the afternoon like many others at the National Gallery of Art, the Smithsonian Institute, the Library of Congress, etc.

After a very tiring, but delightful day, we returned to the church. What a surprise we found! When we had left that church at 6 a.m.



That day we had been the only inhabitants. When we returned at 10:30 p.m., the sanctuary was literally covered with sleeping bodies. Our group filled the basement and other groups filled the classrooms. Even though we were in very close quarters, it was a relief to sleep, even on a cement floor.

We were up by 6 a.m. Saturday and the deacons' wives had a hot and most delicious breakfast waiting for us. We left shortly after 7 a.m. for the Mall near the Capitol. The Mall was where we were to assemble for the March and Rally. There were so many people that I had difficulty in grasping the idea. There were too many people to take part in the March so we stood packed together in 32° weather with winds. It was very cold, but it wasn't as bad as it may seem to an outsider. A Mobe Marshall told us over the loud-speaker that if we were cold we should jump for peace, sing for peace, wiggle our toes for peace, huddle up for peace. It was a most impressive sight to see and hear a whole mass of people jumping up and down with their hands in the air giving the peace sign shouting "Peace, Now."

At 12 noon when the permit for the March had expired and we still had not moved, there was a "mass movement" to the Washington Monument (area of the Rally). The base of the Washington Monument

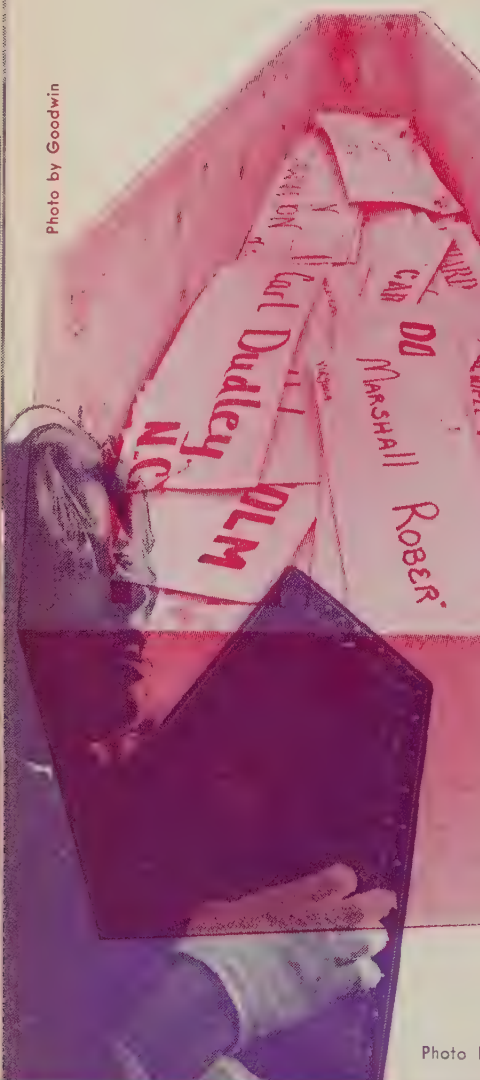
"Everything was quiet except for the angry shout of a man's name!"



Photo by John Goodwin

**"I felt like I was
burying Roger myself.
I carried his name."**

Photo by Goodwin



was the highest ground. When I reached that point I stopped and looked all around. All I could see was "WOW!" I found it almost unbelievable. I couldn't see an end to the people in any direction. Someone near me described it as "Human Sea."

After finding a place to sit, I once again opened sack lunch and shared with anyone that was hungry. It was good to sit awhile and the speakers were terrific. I especially liked Dr. Spock and Dick Gregory.

By 4 p.m. it was beginning to get cold again. Some built fires, some left, and a group of us made what I would call a "human heater." We would get in a close circle and people would join us by standing behind us. Eventually we had a group of 20 or 30 people packed together singing "All we are saying is give peace a chance." We created a great sense of unity and a little heat.

The Rally ended with the cast of "Hair" singing their songs. Our stay in D.C. ended with the leaving of our bus, but the memory of this beautiful weekend will never fade. It was one of the best weekends I ever lived. I put a lot in, I took a lot out; I laughed, I cried; I prepared, I suffered; I LOVED IT!

peace and sunshine

Wendy Metzger

Photo by Hap Stewart





We should not forget that our tradition is one of protest and revolt, and it is stultifying to celebrate the rebels of the past . . . while we silence the rebels of the present.

—H. S. Commager, political scientist



ALL WE ARE
SAYING IS
GIVE PEACE
A CHANCE

There is nothing wrong with change, if it is in the right direction.

—Winston Churchill

Once lead this people into war and they'll forget there ever was such a thing as tolerance. To fight you must be brutal and ruthless and the spirit of ruthless brutality will enter into the very fibre of our national life, infecting Congress, the courts, the policeman on the beat, the man in the street. . . .

—Woodrow Wilson, 1917

I sent them a good boy and they sent home a murderer.

—Mrs. Anthony Meadlo,
New Goshen, Ind.

. . . the people can always be persuaded by their leaders. You tell them that they are being attacked. Then you say that the pacifists are helping the enemy. It works the same in any country.

—Herman Goering,
Nazi War Criminal, 1945

The word "gook" was not invented in Vietnam, it was invented in Korea. In that war, too, we had an attitude of looking down, despising, hating the people we were trying to help. How can you help when you take that sort of attitude with you?

—Edwin O. Reischauer,
former U.S. Ambassador to Japan

One of the characteristics of the human race—possibly the one that is primarily responsible for its course of evolution—is that it has grown by creatively responding to failure. . . . We may already be into such an age of soul-searching.

—Glenn T. Seaborg, scientist

Wide World Photo



Don't let the world around
you squeeze you into its own
mold, but let God remold
your minds from within. . . .

—Paul, missionary

Wealth is by definition what
man possesses. . . . But standard
living is what a man shares.

—Daniel J. Boorstin, historian

In politics and military matters, too,
men's power to act has been
growing faster than their power to
foresee the consequences of their
actions. If this gap between power
and foresight continues to widen,
it may destroy us all.

—Karl W. Deutsch, political analyst

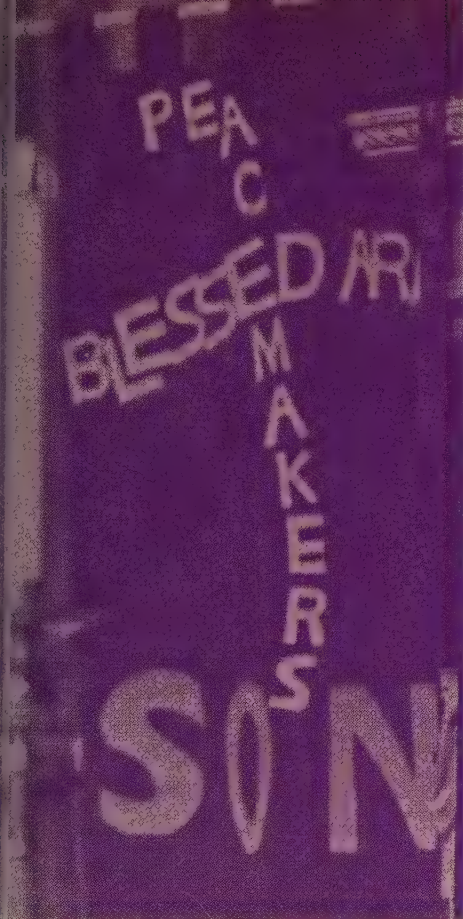


Photo by Ed Eckstein

The streets of our country are in turmoil. The universities are filled with students rebelling and rioting. Communists are seeking to destroy our country. Russia is threatening us with her might and the Republic is in danger. Yes, danger from within and without. We need law and order. Yes, without law and order our nation cannot survive. Elect us and we shall restore law and order.

—Adolph Hitler (Hamburg, 1932)

The order of the future will certainly call for a more sensitive citizen, one who is attuned to his own feelings and the feelings of others, one who has learned a new sense of community and oneness with all the other individuals of his social organism. That organism eventually will be the entire world—its people, plants, animals and minerals. There will be no place in it for power-mad "leaders" or for cold, unfeeling "problem-solvers."

—George B. Leonard,
Look correspondent

The only real duty which the richest society in the world has is to become a servant to the poor societies.

—Vincent Harding, historian

Our greatness as a nation has been our capacity to do what has to be done when we know our cause was right.

—Richard M. Nixon

A basic failure of socialism is that it has not been able to carry through a social renovation without destroying the right of the people. When I hear the SDS and other radical groups like them, they sound to me like the Nazis. The feeling of sincerity is irrelevant. A man may be a sincere murderer. The responsibility for what you think—that is the actual issue.

—Arthur Miller, playwright



BLACK students
discuss violence, white
middle-class, peace,
U. S. ideals, apathy,
"law and order",
moon dust, and black
soldiers in Vietnam . . .

Real peace is not possible anywhere while racism splits the country and the world.

"This whole war thing is about money," said Rufus Coleman, a black youth from Detroit who had come to Washington, D.C., in November to "observe" the Moratorium. "Even though I believe in pulling out the troops, I couldn't take part fully in the demonstrations because it was predominantly white. White American imperialists are going in and dominating countries everywhere—not just Vietnam, but in Africa and South



America. Russia and the U.S. are going to try and take over the whole world economically."

Sitting in the room with Rufus were other black youth from Detroit, some black high school youth from Washington, D.C., a white woman and a white priest from Detroit, and YOUTH's Lolly Mashrick. They were all rapping about the Moratorium march and rally that day in the capitol city.

"Many students here in Washington stayed out of school but they weren't all protesting the war," observed Walto Banks. "Some

played basketball, went to parties—that kind of thing."

"I was just a curiosity seeker, really," said Linda Quick of Washington. "It seems that everybody came to observe everybody else."

"Not actually," said Rufus. "Most of the whites came to show the government how they felt. Some might have been stragglers."

"Are you saying that most of the blacks here came to observe rather than to protest?" Lolly asked.

"Well," Rufus responded slowly, "D.C. is primarily a black city. If people from here had turned out,

What more does the black man have to do to be accepted as a human being in the hearts of his fellow man?

you'd have had more than a few hundred or so blacks who participated. A lot shied away. Some support the President's policy, some don't, and some didn't want to risk going downtown."

"I think some black people are here because they feel that more black boys get killed in Vietnam than whites," said Linda.

"Blacks who are really interested in things like this can really spend their time in more constructive ways to help their communities. That's why they didn't take time out to come here." Rufus added. "We've got so many more problems in the U.S. that need to be brought up that you never hear about—like kids in the city who are starving, like the food that's being thrown away, and like the money they're paying farmers not to grow food. There's a lot of talk about law and order, but nothing about justice."

"That's our primary concern," said Wayne Brookshear of Detroit.

"I was impressed by the fact that there were so many people," observed Father Ray Hoelscher. "There must have been a million here who really were concerned enough about peace to convey their attitude by their presence."

"I was surprised by the quietness of the crowd," said Rufus.

"And the gentleness of it," noted

Carolyn Moody of Detroit. "Everybody was kind. No pushing."

"Even with the two minor incidents of force," Linda said, "I think people will remember this day because there were so many people and it was quiet and peaceful."

"We've been peaceful for 200 to 300 years and we haven't been freed yet," said Rufus. "If no force is used, the media won't pay attention. As soon as you use force, people start meeting demands. Like the Detroit riots. I knew someone who was getting a program started and talked with the archbishop and it didn't do any good. He got a brick thrown through his window and the next day money was found for the new program."

"That's the way people are in America," said Wayne. "Unless you kick somebody in the seat of the pants, they're not going to turn around and look at you. . . . The whole point of the movie, 'Medium Cool,' was that the whole world was watching. Everything that's happening here now is affecting the whole world. If that's so, why are so many people just sitting at home watching it happen? They're supposed to be helping it happen. People just want to sit home and watch what the news has to say."

"They really don't want to know what it's got to say," said Carolyn



"Either it's apathy or it's intolerance," Wayne inserted.

"If there wasn't anything bad happening, there wouldn't be any Jews," Carolyn continued.

"Like, if a poor man went looking for help, nobody's going to put that in the paper," said Wayne. "And if they did, nobody will look at it twice. But let that poor man go looking for help with a gun in his hands and rob somebody, then everybody'll know what school he went to, how many kids he has, and how long he's been looking for a job. It's too late then. There's too much complacency in America. That's the way I feel about this march. It was just a big game, because people are going to forget."

"People who are here won't forget," Carolyn contended.

"People who are here already have their minds together," Wayne replied. "But others are afraid this march will destroy America's image. This country has not been what America was supposed to be for 300 years. I'm not just saying that because the black man has been deleted from our history. We in

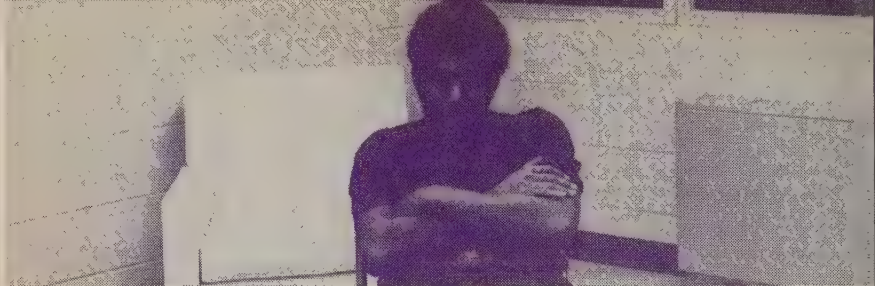
America have never lived up to our ideals. All these crackers talking about black militants and white militants disgracing our forefathers is a lot of jive. And it's not so bad to think that only 20 black brothers turned out for a peace campaign, but when you can only get 20 black brothers to come to a meeting about changing the black community, that's what hurts."

"America was built on violence from the time we took the land from the Indians," said Rufus. "The black man was kept down by violence."

"And all changes have been by violent change," observed Wayne.

"Are you saying that a peaceful demonstration like this won't create any change?" Lolly asked.

"The demonstrators are the people who are thinking," Wayne responded. "They've looked at things from all sides. But the cats who want to keep the war going won't listen to anyone. They're not interested in what's really happening. They want one side—the side that keeps them comfortable. Money is the big thing in America today."



"What about the new awareness you see growing in the black community?" noted Carolyn. "Things aren't totally hopeless."

"There's a difference between a baby finding he has a mouth and realizing how to use it. That's the key to his whole survival—to know how to eat! There's a whole big difference between being aware and knowing how to use that awareness. And I don't think either race has come to grips with how to use this awareness. I am black. Nobody has found out I'm a human being yet."

"Sometimes it's not the violence of the demonstrators but the violence of the government in response to the peacefulness of the demonstrators," said Victor Gwen. "Sometimes you can be quiet and peaceful and stir up a mess."

"Everybody approaches things in a different way," said Brother Ray. "Woodstock showed the country that a lot of young people could get together without causing an uproar. This large congregation of people concerned about peace can tell the world that things can be accomplished in a peaceful way.

Some people have more of a right to say things in a violent way—the black community, for example, because of the way they have been oppressed—whereas this Moratorium was more of a white middle-class way of saying, 'We'd like to get out of Vietnam.'"

"Most were white middle-class college kids," said Rufus. "You didn't have many blacks here even though blacks support peace. Some of them have jobs, some couldn't afford to travel—so you don't have a true picture of all the support you should have here. People who were here aren't the only ones who support this."

"Color of skin wasn't that important," said Linda, "it was youth."

"I disagree," retorted Walto, "because there were many adults here. The movement is with youth who are going to have to go over there to fight, but still grown-ups are supporting us."

"Some older people have adopted a new way of thinking because of the peaceful demonstrations that have been going on," said Victor. "The youth have renovated their thinking."

When the people and their leaders do not respond to peaceful pleas for change, what alternatives are left?

Lolly prodded deeper into the relationships between the war and the black community. "If the war ends in Vietnam, do you think this money will go back into the communities that need it?"

"No," was Wayne's firm response. "They'll find something else to do with it."

"They're spending billions to put men on the moon," said Rufus, "and billions on the war over there, while people are starving. How can they do this and never think about people? And the money they're spending is taking away lives, not giving new lives. I think the people don't have a conscience at all."

"They have a green conscience," Wayne added.

"Moon dust isn't going to feed any poor children," said Linda.

"When you look at man's great and costly scientific achievements," said Calvin Davis from Detroit, "it is easy to think about the greatness of the U.S. and keep the peoples' minds off of the poverty in your own town."

"There are a lot of black men in the military," noted Lolly. "If the war ends and men are shipped home, will this hurt the black community economically?"

"Yeah, you can make it in the armed services," said Rufus. "But

when a black man who has or hasn't finished high school gets out of the service, he might get a job as a janitor, or in a factory, or some kind of domestic work. But if he stays in the army, his pay is going to increase every year; he's going to get medical attention; and he can support his family that way. And that's why so many blacks go and stay in the services. They may not actually believe in the army, but they're looking out for themselves—for survival. They want something better for their kids than they have had and this is one way of doing it."

"If we could only get hold of the brothers coming back who have learned skills and get them working on community projects—it would be great!" said Wayne.

"It's my belief," began Victor, "that ending the war would be detrimental to the blacks. We don't have enough jobs as it is."

"The only time a black man becomes visible to a white man is when he's dying for him," said Wayne. "Then after that, he gets spit on and walked over just like any other black man."

"They don't even recognize you too much when you die," Walto concluded. "They just say, 'That's somebody else who won't be in the revolution.'"

WHY MUST HE DI

Two wives of war victims in Vietnam mourn—a wife in New England (right) stands by the flag-draped casket of her soldier-husband and a Vietnamese woman (below) cries over the body of her husband discovered in a mass grave.



Photos by Wide World



WHY MUST HE DI

WHY MUST HE DIE?

Mankind dies a thousand deaths everyday.

A soldier on patrol is booby-trapped in a village in an unknown land among people who speak in a strange tongue and all look alike—enemy and ally. He was doing what he felt as his duty in a war he did not fully understand.

A peasant is shot by a fellow countryman who suspected him of cooperation with the enemy from overseas. He did not want war. He wanted simply to farm the small plot of earth cultivated for generations by his family.

A child dies of malnutrition in Africa, Asia, Appalachia, and in urban dwellings nearby. His brain had been damaged from lack of proper nourishment and fullness of life would never have been his.

A black man suffocates in the ghetto.

An Indian is imprisoned on his reservation.

A Chicano is bound by his migration.

A teenager is alienated by a system that has little trust in the young.

A man dies another death by suppressing all those who disagree with him and in the process he brutalizes the life-giving humanity in the one he has suppressed. He distrusts free encounter of ideas. He shouts down all opposition. He rejects the conscientious objector in the pew beside him. He takes the law into his own hands. He fights against intolerance with intolerance.

A man dies by withdrawing from responsibility for what's going on around him in society, but when something threatens him personally, he blames the school for not teaching the "basics of life," or the police for not enforcing law and order, or the hippies for wanting to change things, or the Commies for undermining our nation, or "those people" who want to take his job away, or some other scapegoat.

A leader dies when he can no longer make decisions for the good of ALL the people based on morality, because he depends on the political support of an affluent majority who no longer cares for the oppressed minorities at home nor the underdeveloped majorities abroad. ►

TO GOD, WHY MUST MAN DIE?

O GOD, WHY CAN'T MAN LIVE?

One man died a thousand deaths over a thousand years ago. He taught a fulfilling but disciplined life. He lived a reconciling and a demanding love. He criticized the hypocrisy of phony motivations. He respected the humanity in every being—including the leper, the thief, the prostitute. He acclaimed the joy of living. He gave listeners a confidence in the Creator of all things and a promise that those who learned His ways would know life.

To the peasant, to the young, and to the oppressed, he was a savior, a man of freedom, and a healer. To the religious leader, to the local politician, and to the colonialist ruler, he was a troublemaker, an insurrectionist, a rebel, an agitator, a protestor.

And he was executed on a cross which became a symbol of victory, not of shame, a symbol of life, not death.

By his death, men saw the symptoms of death within themselves.

By his resurrection, men saw the hope of the life that is meant to be.

O God, awaken us to the death within us and all around us,
and help us

to know what it really means to be alive
and to cherish this fullness of life
for ourselves and for others.

Life is you and me and everyone else.

Life is always growing, always reaching.

Life is having roots in the past,

being nourished by the present,

budding through (sometimes with force and pain) to the new,
and flowering in showy anticipation for tomorrow.

Life comes in all colors—all beautiful!

Life is groovy.

Life is simple like breathing; but

Life is complex like really knowing right from wrong.

Life is loving—and being loved.

Life is free to be who we were meant to be.

Life is enough food to eat.

Life is work you're proud to do.

Life is clothing to wear when you need it.

Life is shelter from unhealthy climes.

Life is healing for the weak and ill.

Life is hope. Life is purpose.

life is the exciting unknown
 beyond the moon, beyond war, beyond ghettos,
 beyond nationalism, beyond bigotry, beyond poverty.
 life is the 1000-year-old redwood tree.
 life is the microscopic atom.
 life is the ant at the picnic in the park.
 life is wisdom, whether from a younger or older person.
 life is being desirable because you're you.
 life is making mistakes, admitting them, and not repeating them.
 life is anger and aggressiveness.
 life is restraint and control.
 life is crying to a happy ending to a story,
 to the beauty of a sad song,
 to the "why" of Martin Luther King's death.
 life is running barefoot along a sandy beach.
 life is laughing at life's absurdities.
 life is being afraid to demonstrate in a peace vigil,
 hesitating, and then knowing afterwards it was
 the only right thing that you could have done.
 life is healing causes of social disease and not fighting symptoms.
 life is the rice farmer in North Vietnam,
 the divinity student in Biafra, the sugar grower in Cuba,
 the tailor in Hong Kong, the store clerk in Red China,
 the draft dodger in Canada, the Minuteman in Missouri,
 the Black Panther in San Francisco,
 both Judge Hoffman and the Chicago defendants.
 life is being heard and hearing others.
 life is knowing you count and
 helping others to feel they count, too.
 life is being concerned for people,
 not because it's good politics, nor good business,
 not because it's good religion, nor good strategy,
 not because it's good seduction,
 but because you really care for someone.
 life is no two alike.
 life is dreaming the impossible dream
 while keeping your feet on the ground.
 life is openness. Life is consistency.
 life is a feeling that Something bigger than life itself is at the
 heart of things and we'd like to be a part of it.
 life is not just words in a Book,
 but the Word made flesh and body and deeds.
 O GOD, HELP US TO KNOW THE FULLNESS OF LIFE!

BUT WHAT CAN I DO?

START WHERE YOU ARE



Photo by Engh

"You've got to clear your own head first," said the girl as she slowly pushed a long strand of hair back from her face. "What's mean for me to be human."

"In other words, get yourself together," her companion addressed. "We rap about a lot of things in our crowd, not necessarily the way that comes later. You talk about different things that happen every day."

"You open your mind to others," the girl continued. "Sincerely to them who you are and what that means to you. And you find out what it all means to them."

"Each of us needs to feel that I really is somebody," the boy observed. "We need people to talk with, a place to gripe, a shoulder to cry on, a place to have fun, as well as a time to be alone."

"And so I guess you'd say that you start by sharing your own humanness with others," the girl thought out loud. "A friendly deed, a kind word, a warm smile."

"You start by being with people," the boy interjected, "not by using them. It happens at school mostly but it can happen other places, too. Sometimes at home, or at church, or just being together with others who seem to care."

"The beauty of life itself is part of this whole scene," the girl smiled. "You can't separate the 'head' things from politics. And I don't mean drugs nor brains, but I mean just being human. Why do you

ant to have everybody fed, if you
on't love everybody?"

"Whatever project you do in your
school," the boy continued, "must
be real to your group and grow out
of their local concern. Don't do it
just because someone in another
school or town is doing it."

"It's got to be authentic and
move on from there."

"And when we plan some action
project, it's got to have a little
fun in it," he noted. "That's the
difference between college and
high school action groups. Some-
times it's a dance, or refreshments,
or a contest. It's not that kids are
simply looking for fun, it's that
you ought to enjoy what you're do-
ing. And if you really believe in
something, it's easy to find it fun."

"And be ready to be disap-
pointed," the girl spoke with ob-
vious experience, "for not every-
body cares, nor thinks like you, nor
wants to do things your way, nor
wants you to be sticking your nose
into their business."

"But whatever you do," the boy
said, "keep your cool."

"You start with you," the girl
summarized. "Being aware of who
you are is a beginning. Being aware
of others is on the way. Caring
enough to want to act, knowing
enough to take a responsible stand,
seeing the legitimate channels open
to you now and in the future—all
these are a part of the evolution of
change in which you and I can do
something meaningful."

IS HIGH SCHOOL A GODLESS SOCIETY?

No, not godless.

There's grades,
prestige,
popularity,
status,

in short, everything that goes
by the name
success

is a god.

BUT, IS GOD HERE?

He is—

in an understanding teacher.

He is—

in a student who tutors.

He is

in a lunch-hour discussion,
when new ideas are born.

He is—

in a couple,
walking slowly to class,
cherishing each moment
together.

—Paul Pratt

(Reprinted by permission of POWER, a quar-
terly meditation for teens).

BUT WHAT CAN I DO?

LISTEN TO WHAT OTHERS

"Adults are always saying that they know what we kids are AGAINST, but they don't know what we're FOR," said the son.

"The truth is," replied his father, "the same can be said about most adults. But more important is knowing WHY you support a certain position. And it's more than just knowing the facts about a subject or a situation. It means knowing yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"Well," his father paused thoughtfully, "aren't you more likely to believe someone whom you trust more than someone you don't trust? Aren't you more likely to respect the critical analysis of a mature and objective person than an insecure and prejudiced person, no matter how much education each has?"

"Yes, but what's that got to do with what I'm for and against?"

"To be informed enough to take a stand for or against means, first of all, being a good listener," his father lectured philosophically. "And a major part of being a good listener is knowing your source—his motivations, his knowledge, his experience, his hang-ups, his strengths, his weaknesses, etc. That is true whether you're listening to a speaker or teacher or preacher or reading a book or magazine or newspaper, or watching a TV commentator."

Photos by Reeves, Davies, Reeves (Bethel)

Y...

"That's obvious," his son responded impatiently. "I can spot phony a mile away."

"It's easier to sense the phony-ness in other people than in yourself," said the older man. "For example, you have said some members of your underground paper are there because it's the latest fad, not because they really believe in our fight to free the regular student paper from the censorship of the school administration."

"But at least they're doing something and not being apathetic like the rest of the kids at school."

"True," his father responded, "but if they are not honest about the reasons why they're involved with that paper, they're just as phony as the so-called Establishment they're attacking. Being a good listener means asking the right kind of critical questions of yourself and of the speaker."

"It's like a conscience!"

"Precisely!"

"But, Dad, I don't want to act like I know it all."

"Right again!" Dad responded. "You ask your questions in such a way that shows your own openness, your search for the truth with him is a fellow seeker, but your acceptance of him even though you might not agree with him."

"Dad, you always make it sound so easy and yet so hard."

ASK FOR OPINIONS ON THESE QUESTIONS . . .

YES NO

Should the draft be abolished in favor of all-volunteer armed forces?

☐ ☐

Should the voting age be lowered to 18?

☐ ☐

Is the government moving as fast as it can to improve race relations?

☐ ☐

Should student unrest be handled more harshly?

☐ ☐

Should our defense spending be reduced so our spending on social programs can be increased?

☐ ☐

Is your school relevant to today's world?

☐ ☐

Should we have some form of price-wage controls to curb inflation and to lower cost of living?

☐ ☐

Should we have stricter gun-control laws?

☐ ☐

Should the use of marijuana be legalized?

☐ ☐

Should censorship of movies be more strict?

☐ ☐

Should the polluters of air and water be made to pay the cost of anti-pollution programs?

☐ ☐

Should we continue development of bacteriological and chemical weapons?

☐ ☐

Should we push for universal arms control or disarmament?

☐ ☐

Should we encourage better relations with all nations, including Communist nations?

☐ ☐

Should the U.S. maintain strong military forces to protect smaller nations?

☐ ☐

Should we increase our foreign economic and social aid to developing areas?

☐ ☐

Should the United Nations be used more often in settling disputes between nations?

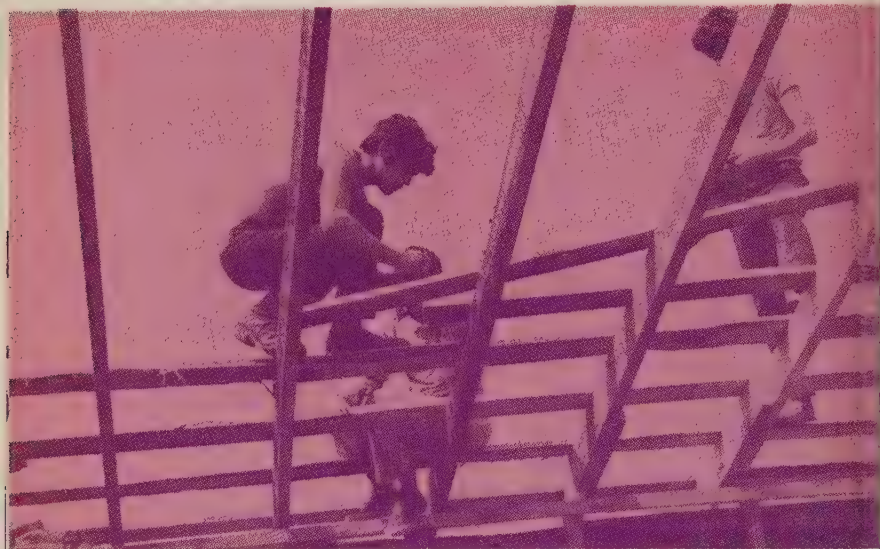
☐ ☐

If the church practiced what Jesus preached, would peace be possible?

☐ ☐

BUT WHAT CAN I DO?

LET OTHERS KNOW HOW YOU FEEL . . .



"How many of you have ever written me a letter?" the congressman asked the group of visiting high school students who crowded around his desk in his Washington office.

Not one hand went up.

"How many of you feel that the draft is unfair?" he questioned again.

Most hands went up.

"Then why haven't you written me?"

One boy was bold enough to try. "I didn't think you'd have time to pay any attention to a letter from me, especially since I'm not old enough to vote for or against you. And, I guess I just haven't felt

strong enough about it to write."

"That's an honest answer, young man," the legislator said understandingly. "But even at your age you have a lot of power going to you. For example, you got legislative power, for the laws protect victims of injustice, if you know the laws and use them. You got political power for you can help others bring pressure to pass new laws or to change out-dated laws. Or you can help a campaign to elect a candidate who supports your position. I'm hoping when I'm up for reelection this fall you'll volunteer for working in one of my campaign headquarters."

The group smiled in response to his hint for support.

Peace Groups Taking Active Role in Congressional Races Student Power Sways State Legislature

Handwritten notes:
President Richard M. Nixon
The White House
Washington, D.C.
20501

VOLUNTEER AID WORK ON RISE ACROSS NATION

"But," continued the law-maker, "you got other kinds of power, too. You got body power, for your presence at peaceful demonstrations, or at political rallies, or at meetings of concerned citizens is important. And you got time power, because your spare time, or in your summer, or on your weekends, your volunteer help can do wonders in your own community, as an aide in a local hospital, or in a center for troubled teens, or in homes for the aged, or on peace caravans, or in workcamps in run-down parts of town. The opportunities are unlimited."

As the students started getting restless, the veteran host to many

similar groups wound up his talk.

"And you've got right power and love power."

On the latter there was giggling.

"Know what's right by getting to know the issues from all sides and not just your own. Then take your right power and make your stand by wearing buttons, or writing letters, or persuading people. Start right at home, for often your parents are the hardest to convince. Finally, use your love power—get to know people as people, not as opponents or supporters, enemies or friends."

As he ended, the group applauded politely. As most moved on, some lingered to chat briefly.



WALK FOR HUNGER

steps
toward
world
development

"I couldn't stop until I finished," a 13-year-old girl in Fargo, N.D., said. "I felt I was carrying a starving baby in my arms and if I quit, the baby would die." The girl was one of 3500 youth on a Walk for Development which raised \$23,530 for an Indian nutrition education program in North Dakota and a rural youth-training center in West Africa.

By similar "walks" throughout the U.S., teen "sole power" has earned over a million dollars in the past year for hundreds of hunger-related projects—domestic and world-wide.

With an idea that originated in Britain and Canada, the American Freedom from Hunger Foundation is trying to mobilize high school youth to organize local Walk programs, which are based on raising money from pledges



In a Walk for Development in Madison, Wis., 8000 junior and senior high schoolers walked far enough last October to raise nearly \$80,000 to fight famine at home and abroad.

from private individuals and business firms who agree to pay the hikers a certain amount for each mile they walk over the 30-mile course.

Walks for Development are student-run from start to finish. A planning committee of youth opens a hometown Walk office months before the actual dates of their Walk. They work with city officials, police, school teachers, churches, civic groups, and businessmen to solicit approval, support, and understanding. A handbook, promotional ideas, educational materials, and even staff support are available from the American Freedom from Hunger Foundation, 1717 "H" Street Northwest, Washington, D.C. 20006. The phone number is (202) 382-6727.

A 24-hour "hunger fast" is another program to make the public aware. Sponsors pledge a given amount of money for every hour

each participant fails to eat, or fast.

As Pope Paul put it, "Development is a new name for peace." In a world in which half of our population suffers from hunger and malnutrition, global priorities must be changed and legislative action among developed nations must be taken, which means that public awareness must be awakened.

"At first, like most people, I didn't see how I could help, because the problem is so big," said one high school organizer of a Walk for Hunger. "But not only did we show other students it's possible to do something to help improve society without being destructive and disruptive, but we educated the adult community about the problem of hunger right here at home as well as overseas, and we proved that kids can be responsible when given a chance to do something meaningful."

SIX MILES FROM MY-LAI . . .

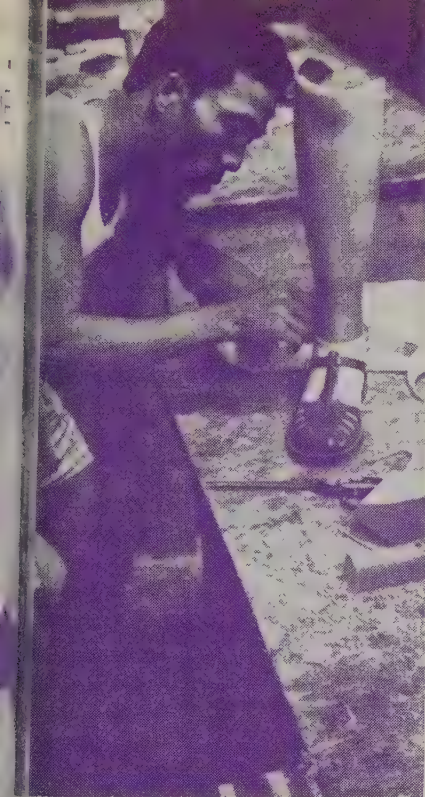
A SERVICE OF LOVE IN WARTIME



Photos from AF

Some few miles from the site of the alleged My-Lai massacre, doctors, nurses, artificial limb-makers, physical therapists and other staff have been working since 1966 in the Quaker Rehabilitation Center to

help thousands of wounded and maimed civilians who stream in the Quang Ngai Province Hospital from surrounding hamlets affected by bombing and helicopter raids and other military activities. One U



therapist observes: "Men, women, children and animals, caught like rats in a flood. No place to hide, no way to plead their case of innocence to the machine in the sky, no time to prepare for death. The beating the civilians are taking is beyond adequate description."

In addition to the American Friends Service Committee, the Vietnam Christian Service and other groups are providing survival assistance of refugees and other civilians in need. The main efforts are in the fields of health, social work, agricultural and community developments. "But patching up broken

bodies is not our goal," said one worker. "It is our burden. The goal should be peace in Vietnam."

Medical aid, experienced volunteers who care, food, clothing, tools, money—all are needed whenever Christians seek to help the victims of war, whether in Vietnam or elsewhere.

If you wish to know more about this work, contact Church World Service (National Council of Churches, 475 Riverside Drive, New York, N.Y., 10027), or American Friends Service Committee (160 N. 15th St., Phila., Pa. 19102), or your denominational headquarters.



MAKE PEACE WITH NATURE

environmental action towards survival

"The ecological freak is not questioning his piece of the pie so much as he is questioning how we're getting the flour," says Denis Hayes, national coordinator of the April 22 Environmental Action Mobilization. "The problem isn't technological; the problem is a matter of values."

We've put profit and progress ahead of stewardship and survival. We've misused our natural resources. "To change all this," says Bryce Hamilton, E-Day's high school coordinator, "all of us will have to pay a heavy economic and social price. Economic, because cleaning up our rivers, lakes, and atmosphere will cost billions of dollars, an expenditure which, in the long run, we all must share. Social, because if we, as a society, are truly interested in the 'quality' of life, we're going to have to re-examine some basic attitudes about our values."

Students who want to do something in this growing environmental movement might find the following suggestions helpful:

• Join a conservation club at school. If none exists, start one. You may also want to join a national group like the Sierra Club, the Wildlife Federation, the Isaac Walton League, or the Audubon Society.

• Become knowledgeable about pollution. Don't speak from a vacuum. You can beat polluters on their own terms if you have the facts.

• Take a local pollution inventory. What industries are polluting the streams and the air? Are local sewage and dumping

facilities adequate and healthy? Are local anti-pollution laws being enforced? Are more laws needed? Involve science students in analyzing air and water in your area.

• Encourage your schools to include environmental understanding and reverence in the curricula of all grades.

• Encourage participatory debate and speaker-discussions, involving local conservationists, university faculty and graduate students, government officials, polluters, and concerned citizens.

• Create an environmental fair with films, photographic displays, exhibits of polluted water, dead fish, etc.

• Distribute buttons, bumper, stickers, and posters.

• Encourage school programs on environmental problems—essay, poetry, and poster contests, science projects, term papers, artistic banners, features in school publications, film your own movie or slide presentation, write songs or skits, field trips led by conservationists and biologists, etc.

• Organize an Environmental Sunday when all faiths can focus their concern on the implications of environmental deterioration—being good stewards of what has been given us.

• Get your own group to concentrate on one project—a polluted river, a trash-piled place, or a wildlife area. Start a campaign. Invite speakers. Write letters. Visit law-makers and law-enforcers.

For more help, Bryce Hamilton can send you upon request a list of ideas of what you can do, a basic ecology bibliography, an environmental film list, and other sources of free and low-cost informational materials on population, conservation, and ecology. His address: Bryce Hamilton, High School Coordinator, Environmental Action, Room 200, 2000 "P" Street Northwest, Washington, D.C. 20036.

LET THERE BE PEACE ON EARTH

AND LET IT BEGIN WITH ME

One song, simple in melody and lyrics, has made a wide impact on youth around the world. It is "Let There Be Peace on Earth and Let It Begin With Me," co-written by Jill Jackson Miller and her husband, Sy.

It was first sung 15 years ago by a group of youth attending a workshop camp sponsored that summer in Southern California's San Jacinto Mountains by the National Conference of Christians and Jews. They came from varying economic, racial, and religious backgrounds.

"It was one of those crystal-clear mountain nights with a slight breeze blowing," recalls Mrs. Miller. "Here were these 180 young people standing in a circle, arms around each other's shoulders. They swayed as they sang, like the swaying trees around them. And the stars were above. I found myself thinking wouldn't it be wonderful if everyone in the world were standing in this circle singing a prayer for peace."

Since that night, the song has spread around the globe. First, those young campers took it to their homes. Soon it was being sung everywhere—in churches, at graduations, for Brotherhood Week, among United Auto Workers, at Kiwanis Club, at the American Legion, among CORE workers, on network TV shows, and in nightclub acts. As Pearl Bailey describes her Las Vegas act: "No matter how noisy the crowd, when that spot-



light narrowed down to my face and I sang 'Let There Be Peace on Earth,' there was not a sound in the house."

Although Mrs. Miller and her husband have co-written 80 songs since, this one is still their favorite. And they're given it to the world as a gift. In fact, it has cost them time and money making copies available free of charge to all groups requesting copies and information. "There is no price tag on peace," she explains, "and the song was written to contribute to peace and understanding."

In the gentle lyrics of this song lies her philosophy—a philosophy she has held since 1944 following an unsuccessful suicide attempt, months of semi-paralysis, and a tur-

COVER CREDITS

FRONT COVER: Ed Eckstein

FRONT COVER FOLDOUT: Ken Sherman, Charles Newton, Ken Sherman, Ron Engh, Ken Sherman, Ron Engh

INSIDE FRONT FOLDOUT: Charles Newton and Ed Eckstein, Don Rogers

INSIDE FRONT COVER: Ed Eckstein, Ron Engh, and Don Rogers

BACK COVER: Don Rogers and Hap Stewart (Bethel Agency)

BACK COVER FOLDOUT: Don Rogers and Bethel Agency, Ken Sherman

INSIDE BACK FOLDOUT: Don Rogers, Lana Reeves (Bethel Agency)

INSIDE BACK COVER: Ken Sherman, Don Rogers, Ron Engh

NOTE: All lettering and selection of quotes done by participants in the "Peace on Earth Project" in Los Angeles (see page 61)

ing point in her life. She had found success as a movie actress and singer, but not happiness. During her recovery, she vowed "to place her life in the hands of the Creator."

Despite a very troubled childhood and adolescence, Mrs. Miller had learned the oneness of all creatures with nature, even when human relationships seem to fail. And today this natural beauty and childlike understanding is reflected in two picture-book-records (with music by her husband)—"Wonderful Child" (Unity Books 1967) and their latest, "Just Like Me" (Columbia Books & Records). They are presently working on a musical fantasy for TV.

As a successful lyricist and author, she believes in having a cause. And hers is living and working to nurture the idea of the brotherhood of man, or as she prefers to say, "the personhood of people."

Among those teenagers on that mountainside 15 years ago were the Millers' two daughters, Jan and Marley. Now a six-year-old granddaughter has already joined her grandmother's cause by crayoning such "picket signs" as "Remind Me To Be Kind Today."

Mrs. Miller describes children as "our conscience . . . a child symbolizes our purity of heart. In order to outgrow our need for laws, we must bring up peace-oriented, harmony-oriented children. Governments legislate laws. Children legislate the heart."

PEACE STARTS WITH YOU

and that's the whole point of this special issue of YOUTH. If you'd like extra copies, they can be ordered at 75 cents each (the four-color, foldout cover adds to the usual cost for a double issue). If you'd like an unfolded, four-color poster of the front cover on which both front and back sides appear on a single sheet (20¾" x 15"), they can be ordered at \$1.25 each (the protective mailing tube costs, too!)

YOUTH/1505 RACE ST./PHILA., PA. 19102

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A STRIKE FOR STUDENT RIGHTS

BY BETH YOLTON/When high school students in our area met last September to discuss how they could most effectively protest the war in Vietnam, they decided to plan for that kind of action which might improve some specific conditions in our schools related to the war. And we decided that better draft counseling in our high schools seemed to be the best place to start.

To make such action felt by the school administration, we realized that we needed great visible student support, so we called for a student strike on October 15, Moratorium Day. The strike would both encourage students to participate in an already-planned, center-city peace rally, as well as show the number of students who backed us in our demands for fair draft counseling in schools in the Philadelphia school district.

We drew up three basic demands of the Philadelphia Board of Education:

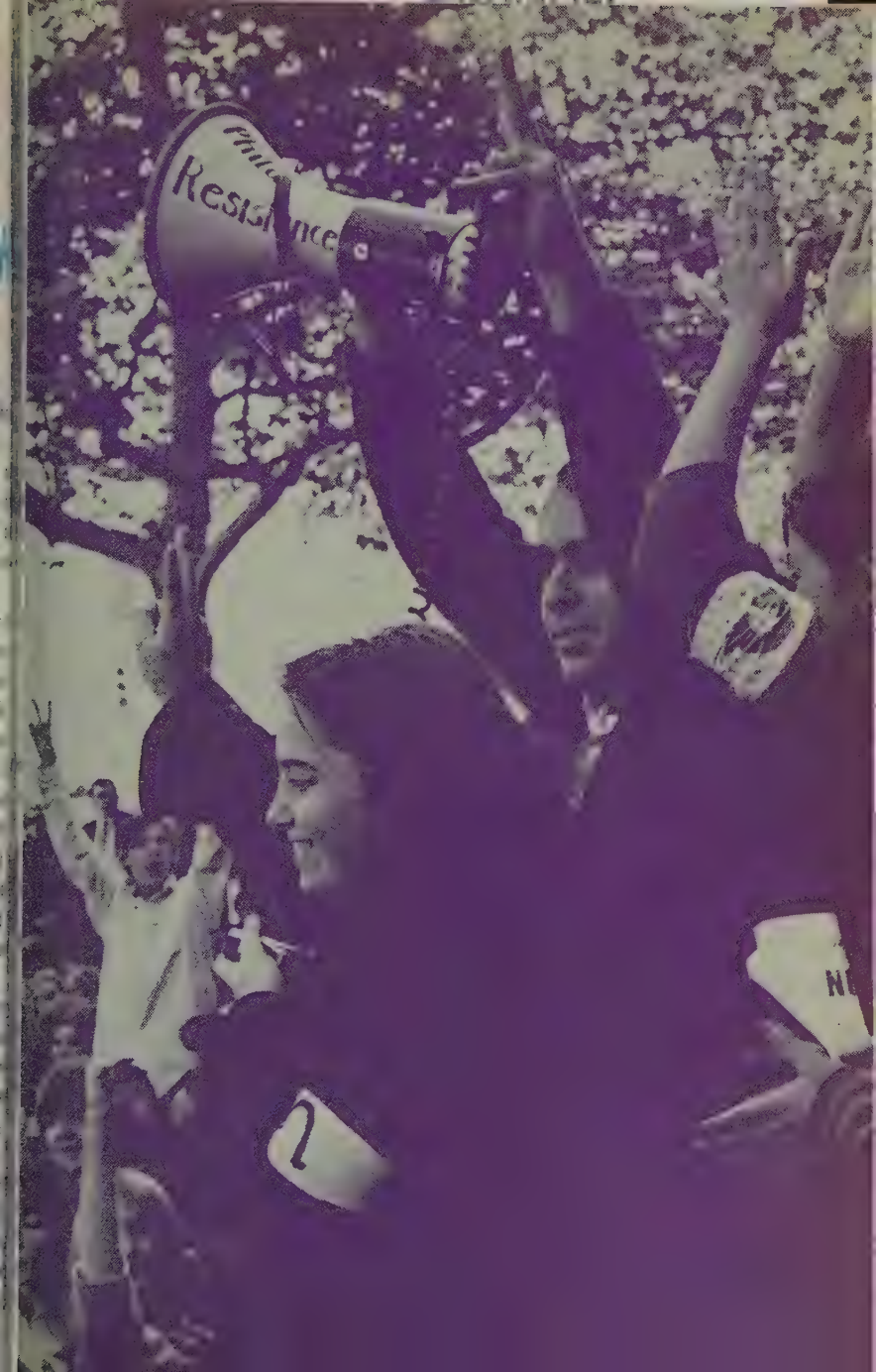
1. All military recruiters should be kept out of our high schools.
2. No Selective Service registra-

tion should be conducted within our high schools.

3. At least one guidance counselor or teacher at each school should be trained as a draft counselor or a draft counselor should be hired for each school.

What was our concern? In most high schools, military recruiters are allowed to visit schools, either on a "career day" or by special request. But some groups, such as the American Friends Service Committee (Quakers), feel that someone ought also to be present to explain other alternatives and opportunities in the draft program. Most schools in our area do not provide such alternate speakers or counselors.

At this time, Selective Service registration does not take place in most high schools. However, many schools, especially in rural areas and private schools, do send a list of graduating male seniors to the local draft boards. Draft board chairmen have the right to depose school administrators as draft registrars. Some schools have compromised their relationship to st



dents by registering them for the draft without providing sufficient information about their rights and obligations under the law.

Draft counseling facilities are limited all across the country. In Philadelphia, some counseling agencies supply literature, but this type of information is very inadequate. Most guidance counselors do not know enough about the draft laws to sufficiently explain the opportunities and alternatives young men have under our draft laws.

Communicating our concern about draft counseling among other students was our first job. We wrote a leaflet calling for the strike, listing our demands, and publicizing the rallies. Then we searched through old mailing lists and we addressed and stuffed piles and piles of envelopes. To reach the largest number of people, we decided to do a lot of mass leafletting. We also circulated a petition among students, but this effort was a flop. Many students were afraid to write their name because they felt this would give the school administration evidence of their participation in the strike. They were being over-cautious, and I think if they were asked to do this again, they would.

Another important step was to establish good communications with the Board of Education and the Superintendent of Schools. We made two appointments to talk with the administration: first, to explain

how we felt and find out the administration's views, and, second, to see what the administration felt could be done. Moreover, since our school board holds open meetings every two weeks, we made plans to speak at one of these meetings.

I think part of our success was our communication with the administration. In most school systems there is a generation gap and, more important, a communication gap between students and parents and administrators. Four of the students who had been working very hard on this project were selected to go to the first appointment, which was held only a week before the moratorium. At this meeting, they spoke with a man who said he felt there would be no punishment for those who chose to strike except that which is given for an unexcused school absence. We were relieved by this news as we had been worried that a lot of students might not strike because of a fear of reprisals. Fortunately many students gained their parents' permission to "strike," and, it turned out, there were few students who were reprimanded for their absence.

Know the law. The legality of a student is very tricky. Under Pennsylvania state law, a school is responsible for students during school hours. If a student is out of school without a parent's permission and something happens to him, the school is blamed.



"Military recruiters should be kept out of high schools, or alternatives should also be explained to students."

Philadelphia had had its troubles with a student rally two years ago when several thousand black students demonstrated in front of the Board of Education building as their representatives negotiated with the administration. Without warning, riot police were sent in, provoking panic and retaliatory damage. One member of the school administration, therefore, told us he hoped we would contact the police, conform to their rules about rallies, and thereby avoid violence. Since we were planning two rallies for October 15, one in front of the administration building and the other at a large, center-city plaza about seven blocks away, we did as he suggested. We learned from the police Civil Disobedience Squad that we did not need a permit for the first rally, and, if we stayed on the sidewalk, we could march from the administration building to the plaza. (We were using a permit already obtained by the

Philadelphia Resistance for the rally at the plaza.)

Planning rallies isn't very easy. (That's a warning!) We only expected about 100 students at the administration building, so our concern was for the major rally. We finally arranged for four speakers: an Episcopal priest, a popular disc jockey, a student who had started a "free" high school, and a representative of an organization called People for Human Rights.

The school board's open meeting was October 13, two days before the rallies. I volunteered to speak at that meeting (all these meetings are televised by the local educational TV station). Two young men, representing the Council of Student Government Presidents, were also scheduled to speak. They spoke first, briefly stating that they would "advocate intra-school activities rather than strike" but that they supported our demands. The president of the school board tried

to prevent me from speaking, but I spoke next, explaining our plans to participate in the national moratorium and explaining our demands. Anticipating the claim that in-school programs would be conducted, I also stated that we didn't feel that the few programs planned would be worthwhile since they would be so hastily organized.

The board's reaction was very heated. The president of the board said he expected every student and teacher to be in school on October 15 and implied that even if a student had his parents' permission, "no parent has the right to excuse a student from school for this purpose." The superintendent of schools said he thought the in-school programs would be adequate, and one member of the board characterized our concern as "a sad misuse of precocious wisdom," implying we had no right to a concern in the determination of our country's policies!

By that time my father, who had not planned to speak, defended our rights as students and as citizens, to ask for changes in our schools and to become politically involved.

When the board implied that we would be given extraordinary detention, I returned to the microphone to ask some questions, but, as I began to speak, the president shouted, "Sit down, young lady." I tried, instead, to repeat my question, but he ordered me to sit down again and a security guard started

to walk toward me. I sat down and the guard asked me to move to a seat further back, preventing me from getting up again. A member of the Board said I hoped that "never again will I see a member of the Board of Education imply that we don't respect the feelings of students."

That night a radio station told the story, and the next day all the major newspapers reported the incident sympathetically. They gave us an unbelievable amount of publicity.

October 15 arrived. By 9:00 a.m. a large group of students had gathered at the administration building. The group grew to about 2300 students and teachers by morning. The six students designated to meet with the administration entered the building, and the rest of us could do was wait. Just as we were preparing to march to the plaza, the six students came out and announced that most of our demands had been met.

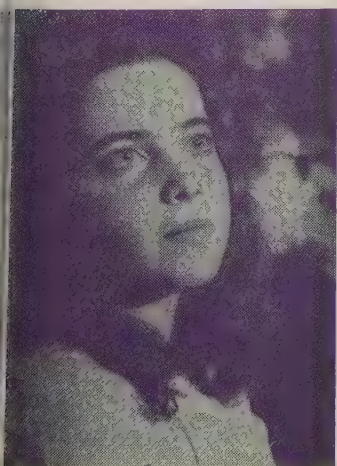
When we arrived at the plaza there was already a huge crowd. Many students had walked there from their high schools; one group had over 800 students. The newspapers reported 75% of the student body of my high school was absent. Over 9000 persons gathered in the plaza to hear the speakers and students speak. By the end of an hour, dozens of views had been expressed and almost all high schools had been represented.

The rally was great! Seeing all the other people, you don't think your fears are so strange and you know there is support for your opinions. From the six students who had met with the superintendent, we found out that the administration had accepted the second and third demands. They rejected our first demand that military recruiters be banned from high schools, but promised that teachers or guidance counselors would be chosen within 30 days to act as draft counselors, and that these persons would be given in-service training within the following 90 days. The local Draft Information Center will train these counselors, but some questions remain. Will the persons selected be really competent to carry out the job of draft counselor? Why weren't students given the chance to help in the choosing of these

counselors? Will the Board of Education be able to provide the necessary books and materials for good draft counseling?

I think the most important factor in our success was student participation. Students wrote the leaflets, did the leafletting, circulated the petition, shared in a press conference, met with the administration and the school board. They were able to plan a successful and peaceful rally. Very few citizens seem to be actively concerned about our schools, but in this case students, without the help of their parents, were able to achieve their specific goals.

In the future, we hope to organize a high school student union. Other cities have unions, but I think we must develop specific issues to center our ideas and our power as concerned students.



"Few citizens seem to be actively concerned about our schools, but sometimes students by themselves are able to achieve success."

doors opened ...if only a crack



BY WENDY CHICK / It was the middle of September when articles on a Peace Moratorium Day began appearing in the papers. I remember thinking it "a good idea" but too idealistic to have much effect.

But quite suddenly, it seemed, the approaching World Peace Day became a subject of as much controversy as the war itself. It was a brand new idea to most people, and it appeared so unexpectedly that the country fell into a mood of fearful anticipation. October 15 loomed in front of us as The Day...

Or so it seemed to me. I really couldn't believe it. Peace, which had previously brought to mind a dreamy concoction of doves and God and love and people living happily ever after, had now come within our reach. It was now something we could both dream for *and* work for. I couldn't, and still can't, get rid of the idea that This Is The Beginning.

So then came the big question: What would be my contribution to this fantastic movement? What would be the best, the most sincere way to Work for Peace?

From the very beginning it was pretty obvious that whatever ac-

tivities I did involve myself in that day, it would more than likely have to be a personally-planned program. Chesterfield, Mass., (pop. 700-800) is a small, rural, very conservative town and, other than the Church being open for a few hours that afternoon, offered no programs for the simple reason that there wouldn't be enough attending to make them worthwhile.

My high school, being just as small and conservative, was the only school in the area that offered no programs on October 15. Though some students did make a last-minute effort for some type of a program when it was found out that none was being planned, they were refused on the basis that planning any sort of observance on October 15 was "taking a political stand." Moratorium Day activities were limited to classroom discussions in appropriate subject areas. A friend who remained in school that day said that the subject was brought up by only one of her teachers, who expounded on the theory that women should also be drafted to keep down the population explosion. It would be unfair, however, to say this was typical

*felt it was time for people
to give their convictions on the
war a spring house cleaning"*

some kids claimed to have had
quite good discussions with a few
of their teachers.

And so, with all this in mind, I
proceeded to make my decision. I
talked it over with many people,
and I really think the advice I re-
ceived influenced my decision al-
most as much as my own convic-
tions. The biggest reaction I got
was not to be too "radical." A re-
verend minister I correspond with
warned me not to be "swept along
with the crowd." Most kids said
the most important thing was sin-
cerity—to build upon that. My
parents were a big help, too. I
remember staying up long hours
discussing with them whether such
dissent was really good for the
country; if the claims that this Peace
Day was actually aiding Hanoi
were worth serious consideration;
if this movement was possibly more
political than spiritual, etc. They
also told me that they would stand
behind any decision I made.

I really didn't know what I was
going to do until very late the
night before. I can remember
mentally listing several possibilities
and eliminating them almost as fast
as I thought of them. I could al-

ways go to school the next day and
forget about everything, but that
was pretty impossible for obvious
reasons. Or I could go to school
and demand discussions in class;
but then, none of my classes are in
"appropriate subject areas" and in
most of my classes only a few kids
would get involved and express
ideas in such discussions anyway.

The possibility I considered most
seriously was that of taking part in
a march and rally in Northampton,
where Smith College is located.
And a very good band was going
to play in a local park later on in
the afternoon. It was very tempt-
ing. But . . . would I be working
for peace? Would I be going be-
cause I believed so very much in
the cause, or because it sounded
very exciting and a lot of fun and
I'd be missing a day of school?

Don't be swept along with the
crowd . . . BE SINCERE . . . Work
for Peace on October 15 . . .

Work for Peace . . .

There was only one possibility
left. I had thought of it before,
but it had always seemed too far-
fetched for serious consideration.
But actually, it turned out to be the
only thing I could do.

On the morning of October 15 I would stay in Chesterfield and go door-to-door asking people how *they* felt about the war, why they felt that way, and only then telling them how I felt. Maybe, by doing this, I could at least make people realize the importance of what was happening, and more importantly, that it concerned *them*, or should concern them. That it was a time for speaking out, for giving one's convictions a spring house-cleaning. That it was a time for every American to seriously consider whether our country is headed in the right direction, and if not, to DO something about it.

And so I started out, still not too sure of what I was going to do. In fact, it almost seemed like a crazy idea. In the first place, I couldn't hope to talk to many people since a great deal of my time would be spent walking sometimes one or two miles between houses. And since I was only planning on talking with people I knew (partly out of shyness and partly because if people knew me they would be more at ease and more willing to say what they really felt), it would mean, I hoped, quite a long visit at each house. And in the second place, I had absolutely no idea of what I was going to say. "Hi, I'm here to talk to you about the Vietnam War"

could be a little startling. And I really couldn't imagine saying that.

Actually, I can't remember what I did say. Once I had knocked on the door and been let in, there wasn't much problem thinking of something to say. I just told them why I was there, why I had chosen to spend my day talking to people, and then conversation came easily.

I am still amazed at how much I learned that day. I think most of the interesting part of all was the fact that even though everyone I talked to wanted the war to end, it was absolutely incomprehensible to them that they should have a hand in ending it. Somehow, it seemed that many people had an idea that some vague "they" ran the country and it was no use or simply not right to question "their" decisions.

There were also some strange ideas about the President. Some seemed to have Nixon and God a little confused . . . at least two people commented that they had no right to criticize the President since "he knows more about what's going on in the country than anyone else." Standing behind the President was considered patriotism. And patriotism was (shaking their heads sadly) something you just can't find any more.

One thing I couldn't help but notice was that almost everyone

*in an ignorant and apathetic
country be a free country?"*

ed to brought up the subject
a neighbor, relative, or friend
had been killed or wounded
a war, and seemed to feel that
they declared themselves against
the war, it would in some way be
loyal to the person or the mem-
ory of the person in mind.

A few people commented on the
"hostility" of the Viet Cong.
"most animals," one woman
told them. One woman, talking
about her conversations with some-
one who had recently come back
from Vietnam said, "Some of the
terrible things he saw the Com-
munists do were unbelievable."
And later she added emphatically,
"If you really want to know what
the war is all about, talk to some-
one who's been to Vietnam."

In a way, ignorance seemed to
be the biggest problem. And since
most of the people I talked to were
parents, I can't help but wonder—
parents don't have the ability to
teach their kids about such an im-
portant national issue, and most
schools don't bother to—how many
kids are now and will in the future
have the chance of losing their lives
for a cause they are only vaguely
aware of? And what is the pur-
pose of our great democratic prin-
ciples if we are content to let an
elect few run the country? Can
an ignorant country be a free

country? That is what is so fright-
ening about the "great silent ma-
jority" which President Nixon is so
proud of. Is their silence based on
ignorance, or apathy, or both?
And, Heaven forbid, can it really
be a majority?

I think the brightest moments of
the whole day came when someone
admitted that he just didn't know.
This seemed to be a step in the
right direction. Now, if they could
only have the ambition to learn.

But there was nothing sadder
than people who were content in
their own ignorance, content to
leave America in somebody else's
hands. I can't forget one comment
somebody made: "Oh yeah, today's
the day you're supposed to fly
your flag or something, isn't it?"
How do you answer that?

In the long run, though, I can't
be all too critical. I did get a
very warm reception in every home
I visited. Everyone approved of
the "quiet" way I had decided to
spend this day, and everyone was
quite willing to express his view on
the war, the Moratorium, or what-
ever related subjects I brought up.
And most important, most people
seemed to listen to me. I doubt
if anything I said truly affected any-
one, but still, they were willing to
listen, and I guess that was really
what I had hoped for most of all.

are
those
who
make
peace
for they
shall be
called
sons of
God



PEACE ON EARTH PROJECT

What a funny way to it," commented an elderly lady studying one of the structures in an art bit spread throughout the huge shopping plaza in Los Angeles' Century City. Each structure was made up of four 8' x 8' masonite boards built around plaza lampposts. The words ranged from bold to subtle. Quotes on the panels were from the popular and the unknown, from the past and the present. Symbols as familiar as street-corner signs and today's ads took on new meaning. Lettering was big and small, inverted and reversed, crowded and spaced, but all artistic. "Letters are a whole art form," explained Suzanne, one of the art students

from Immaculate Heart College who had worked on the project. Among the 25 persons who painted the panels were students in a variety of majors, as well as older people who came in from the city.

"Art isn't found just in museums," observed Sarah, another art student. "It's found all over the city. Everywhere. What people wear. What people say. Commercials. All commercialization today is really a contemporary form of art that people don't recognize as art. So, by gathering together all the sources from the city and putting them into this one project, maybe we can get something across to people."

The Peace on Earth Project was prepared by the college's art department and funded by Century City as its way of

decorating the plaza during the Christmas season.

"The kind of art used here is alive," Suzanne said. "It's something we can relate to very easily."

"Just working on it," Sarah added, "becoming involved in doing your own panel, and seeing it all together in one big place, is a really good feeling. And it proves that you are you. It wasn't a structured thing. It was up to us. We each started with our own personal integrity, what we believed in, and our values."

"It's a very personal thing," said Suzanne. "It's just like your taking a favorite poem and sharing it with anyone who walks by. And so many beautiful people were really touched by that."

photos by Don Rogers



WE ARE TROUBLED BY A TWOSIDEDNESS IN OUR
OWN BEHAVIOR, WHERE ONE SIDE IS WHAT WE
HAVE LONG BEEN TAUGHT TO VALUE,
AND THE OTHER IS WORLDLY
SUCCESS. WE ARE FACED EVERY
DAY WITH ACTIONS OF WHICH
OUR OWN CODE OF CONDUCT
MAKES US ASHAMED,
BUT WHICH WE FIND
COMPELLING IF WE
ARE TO BATTLE
WITH THE HARD
FACTS OF
SOCIETY.

JACOB BRONOWSKI



WE



There is something important behind
Mickey mouse going underground. It is
people fed up with the quantity of sub-
stance that has become America.
They are demanding quality of life
instead. The Mickey in us is something
that people who have put all their
chips on the side of more can never
understand.
Mayor Daly would never wear
a Mickey mouse watch

NON-CONFORMITY
IS THE BASIC PRE-CONDI-
TION OF GOOD THINK-
ING AND THEREFORE
OF GROWTH AND
GREATNESS IN A COUN-
TRY. THE DEGREE OF NON-
CONFORMITY PRESENT
AND TOLERATED IN A
SOCIETY MIGHT BE LOOK-
ED UPON AS A SYMPTOM
OF ITS STATE OF HEALTH.

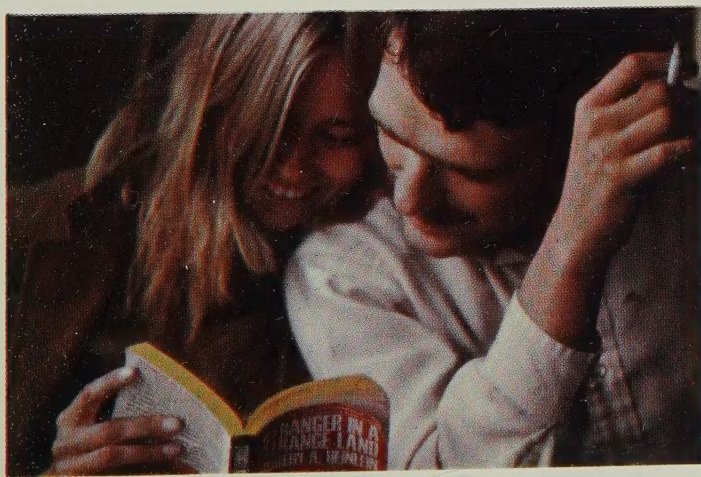
THE GREATEST DISCOVERY OF MY GENERATION
IS THAT HUMAN BEINGS CAN ALTER
THEIR LIVES BY ALTERING THEIR
ATTITUDES OF MIND.

IF I HAVE A POUND
I SPEND HALF OF IT FOR
A LOSS OF SENSE AND
HALF OF IT FOR A
SPIN OF VIOLENCE
AND I AM LEFT WITH
NOTHING

dear fellow
human beings

Mankind
does not have another
two thousand years
to learn how to
love one
another

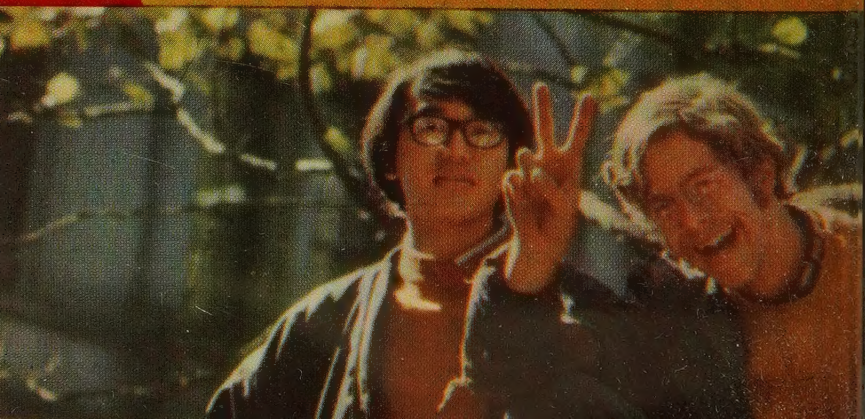
great ideas,
it has been said, come into
the world as gently as doves.
perhaps then, if we listen attentively
we shall hear, amid the uproar
of empires and nations
a faint flutter of wings
the gentle stirring of life and



THAT IS EFFECTED
BY ITS MIGHTY QUEEN.

LIFE IS AN ADVENTURE
IN HOPE.
THIS IS A NEW WORLD.
DON'T DENY IT.
PEACE.
TRUST
HOPE
STRUGGLE TO LIVE
IN THIS NEW WORLD.

BY GOD.
DR. HELEN B. GILBERT



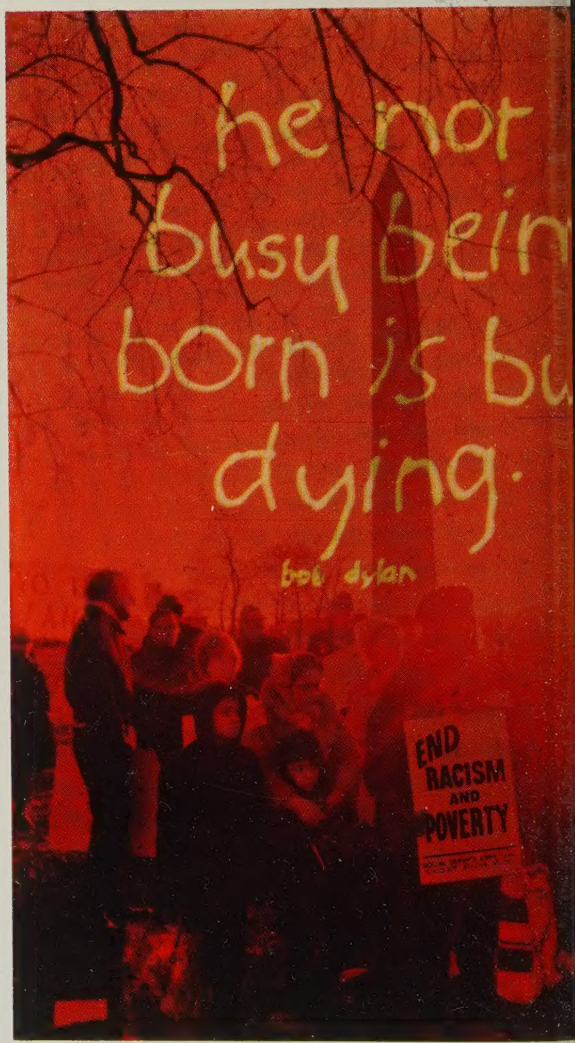
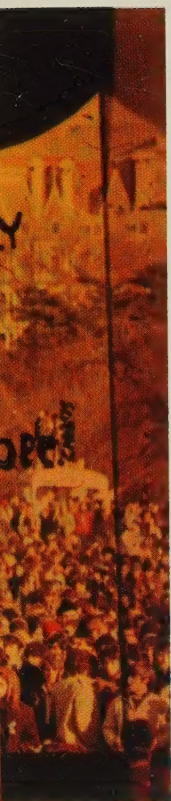


*it is only when we forget
all our learning
that we begin to know*

Thoreau

*"Peace & leave you
do not be afraid."
Jesus*





AH, WHAT IS
YOUR LOVE

IF IT IS NOT ALSO
RESPONSIBILITY